THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

LIFE'S LESSONS.

"I learn as the years roll onward
And I leave the past behind,
That much I had counted sorrow
But proves that God is kind;
That many a flower that I longed for
Had hidden a thorn of pain,
And many a rugged by-path
Led to fields of ripened grain.

"The clouds that cover the sunshine,
They cannot banish the sun,
And the earth shines out the brighter
When the weary rain is done.
We must stand in the deepest shadow
To see the clearest light;
And often through wrong's own darkness
Comes the living strength of light."

THE PACIFIC

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THE CITY TEMPLE PASTOR AND THE TRANSCENDENT CHRIST.

Last week The Pacific gave considerable of the two notable addresses made by the Rev. R. J. Campbell of the City Temple, London, and the Rev. Dr. Forsyth of Hackney College at the meeting of the Congregational Union. The aim was to show as clearly as possible how two men theretofore somewhat divergent in doctrine had come to the recognition of the fact that they with thorough loyalty to Jesus Christ as more than a man were in all essentials more nearly allied than they had been thinking themselves to be.

Since Mr. Campbell made those memorable statements at the meeting of the Congregational Union which drew all hearts to him and caused wide-spread rejoicing in evangelical circles he has come to this country and has again declared himself in such a manner as to make glad the hearts of Christian people. Preaching in the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, in New York on "The Christ Transcendent," and from the text, "Ye are from beneath, I am from above; ye are of this world, I am not of this world," he said concerning Jesus: "He did believe in himself as different from ordinary humanity. He did believe that he had come from above on a special redemptive mission for mankind. He claimed to possess a consciousness of God and to stand in a relationship to God which no earthly being was able fully to share at that time."

Continuing in that connection Mr. Campbell expressed himself as believing that Jesus was not deluded, that "he did come from above, that he was not of this world, and his relationship to us and to God is such as no other being holds."

Asked while in New York to state what in his opinion is the issue between the old and the new thought as to Christianity he replied:

"The question at issue is not the status of Jesus, but the status of men. Who and what are we? We are not worms of the dust, but children of the living God, 'being of one substance with the Father,' and possessing an essential divinity. This is the real issue between the old and the new."

What we undertand Mr. Campbell to mean by the words that we are of one substance with the Father and have an essential divinity is that there is something back of the individualized human being; that as such we had beginning here in this world, but that each individuality is a spark struck off from the Infinite, and that the day will come when the Christ will free us from all that is earthly, from imperfection and sin, and make us sharers in the glory which he had with the Father before the world was. And all in all he says: "You cannot put Jesus too high. He is 'very God of very God.' He has stooped from above to lift us from beneath."

We notice that there are some, the editor of The Advance among them, who go on declaring that Mr. Campbell is Unitarian in his theology because he talks of divinity in man. But, manifestly he makes the difference between God and man and Jesus and man enough at the present stage of our being. And it is quite a comforting thought that we are sometime to be like Jesus. And is not that the whole tenor of New Testament teaching?

THE PRESBYTERIAN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY AND PROFESSOR DAY.

Elsewhere in The Pacific this week will be found a letter which Professor Day of the San Francisco Theological Seminary sent to the board of directors of the seminary on the 7th of November. In it he stated that he had decided to decline to accede to the request of the Synod of California to present his resignation as a professor in the seminary.

It is not surprising that the board of directors, after reading that communication, decided not to remove him from his position as directed by the Synod in the event that he declined to resign. Nevertheless in the face of this clear statement of the only right course of procedure and a further statement by Dr. Arthur Crosby of Mt. Tamalpais Military Academy of the illegality of the whole movement against Dr. Day ten out of twenty-two members of the board did vote to depose him. Such is the obtuseness of the human mind, such is the bigotry that is found in the church today, notwithstanding the enlightenment of the age!

The statement by Dr. Crosby to which we refer was in a letter addressed to the Rev. Dr. Dinsmore of San Jose, who has been a leader in the effort to oust Dr. Day. It was printed in the San Anselmo Herald last Saturday, also in the last issue of The Pacific Presbyterian. Dr. Crosby, in our judgment, shows conclusively that the Synod has no jurisdiction over Dr. Day as a presbyter except on an appeal from a decision of the presbytery; and that it is for the board of directors of the seminary and not for the Synod to inspect the fidelity of the seminary professors, and for them alone to judge. The constiutional provision for the election of professors is: "The board of directors shall nominate and elect all professors subject to the approval of the Synod and the Assembly." But this gives the Synod no ground for ordering or even requesting the dismissal of a professor after his appointment has been approved by it. It is not surprising therefore that Dr. Crosby says to his long-time friend Dr. Dinsmore that the recent action of Synod is "a ridiculous usurpation of authority, as audacious as it is paltry." Dr. Crosby says further that this public and widely published declaration

that Dr. Day is unsound in the faith and unfit to teach in the seminary, especially in view of his repeated acquittal by the only court that has tried him (the board of directors) is both unfair and criminally libelous.

It is claimed further by Dr. Crosby that if the board of directors, now without further examination and inquiry, and simply because of the request of the Synod, were to vote for the removal of Dr. Day, they would not only shirk the responsibility of their office and violate one of the first principles of justice, but that their action would be legally void.

All of which is reasonable, and doubtless the courts of the land would take little time in so holding.

It is gratifying that those of our Presbyterian brethren on the Pacific Coast who are true to the principle of the age—liberty of research and of teaching, are determined that Professor Day shall be accorded that liberty if possible in the Presbyterian Church; and that, whatever the outcome as to this, he shall not be deposed from his professorship without due process of law.

TO THE MAN AT THE REAR.

W. N. Burr.

I have just been led to a re-reading of The Congregationalist's 'Call to the Reserves," (editorial, October 21.)

We all have them, and some of them are dear, good people, too, who lack just a touch of spiritual discernment to bring them up to splendid service. How we crave their help! How we yearn over them sometimes in prayer that they never suspect! How we plan to awaken them by means that shall not be too abrupt or harsh that might offend rather than win them! And what a mistake we make when, once in a while, the temper of the scold works its way into our speech. O, the men and the women who belong to the army, but who are holding themselves in the background—the "I can't" people; the "I'm-to-busy" people; the people who are taking time and strength and talent that has been promised to the larger work, and are using it for gratifications that are purely personal; the people who allow all sorts of social engagements to have first place, while the great work which the Master inaugurated is left in the overburdened hands of the few at the front; the people who have really accepted Christ as their Savior, but have not yet allowed him to become their Master.

When I went away for my vacation this summer I left the parsonage front yard about as clear as I was able to make it—trees, roses, everything thoroughly irrigated, and the interspaces carefully cleared of all weeds, sticks, dead leaves, etc., after not a little work with hoe and rake. When I came home at the close of the vacation I found a yard in disorder, left so in the trail of a sudden brief windstorm that had come along one day while I was away. Long strips of eucalyptus bark, little dead branchlets from the trees, dead leaves, covered that yard pretty well from one end to the other—that yard that I had taken such pains to leave in well-cleaned condition. There was nothing for me to be doing but to get at it and clean it up again.

A man cannot keep his yard clean by holding his strength and time in reserve, nor by using his time and strength on some other job. A good many lives are littered, the world is not as clean today as it should be, and the church is weakened and not able to do its full work in the way of world-cleaning, because a deal of ability is being held in reserve, or used on other jobs—power for good service that does not belong to the other jobs. It belongs to a larger life for the individual, some of it was promised to the church on the day the covenant vows were sealed. But it is being misappplied, misappropriated, taken from the fund to which it belongs and given to one to which it does not belong.

During my first pastorate, which was in a mining-camp in Colorado, I was one startled by a sharp shot a little way up the street. Men began running in the direction of the shot, and I knew something serious had happened. I ran with the others; and we found one of our finest young men on his bed, writhing in agony from a self-inflicted wound. In a little while he breathed his last, the victim of his own deliberate shooting.

Will was a fine fellow. He had been boarding at the parsonage, sitting at our table every day for a number of weeks. Why had he taken his life? He was the county treasurer. He had used county funds in working a mine in which he was interested, and when the time came that the funds were needed by the county he could not replace them, as he had fully expected to be able to do when he used them The penitentiary was staring him in the face, he saw no way of avoiding it, and he killed himself rather than face the disgrace of trial and conviction. Ah, I know that the remorse bit in deeper, too, than that.

That young man was no deliberate criminal. He had been living about as clean a life as almost any of us—it would have been easier to have found blotches and blemishes on the life of a good many other men who were reckoned as good citizens, than to have found anything wrong in his life, generally. But he made that one mistake. He misappropriated funds belonging to the county. And his mistake found him out.

Many Christians are using for a comparatively low-planed purpose time and strength that belongs to life and service on a higher plane. The world ought to be a cleaner world than it is. Humanity's cry and Christ's cry is "to that vast number of men and women who are nominally identified with Christianity, but who serve it fitfully and weakly."

Listen! to the Voice to which every professed Christ-follower is pledged to listen: "If any man will come after me let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it: but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake shall save it. For what is a man advantaged, if he gain the whole world, and lose himself, or be cast away? For whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he shall come in his own glory, and in his Father's, and of the holy angels."

La Canada, California.

SOME THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY A PAPER ON PRAGMATISM.

W. C. P.

At our ministers' meeting on October 9th, the Rev. Mr. Yoakum of the Park Church in Berkeley, read to us a very able and interesting paper on the Pragmatic Philosophy and its bearing on the use of Scripture, and for a special example, on the rite of Baptism. I was curious at

the outset to know precisely what this philosophy amounted to; to learn if I could in so brief a study, its central idea. And I think that I got it, only I can scarcely understand why there should be given to it so high-sounding a title as Philosophy. For it seemed to me, as our brother unfolded it, to be simple, sound common sense—such as our Great Teacher evinced when he said, "By their **fruits** ye shall know them." Indeed, when an hour or two after the meeting, I undertook to quiz a lady whom I am glad to call a friend, and who wears before my eyes the golden badge of Phi Beta Kappa, and asked what the central idea of the Pragmatic Philosophy is, she quickly answered in those words of Christ which I, in thought, had quoted, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

The whole time had elapsed before it became my turn to respond to the paper, and I am tempted to write out the practical application which at that time I would have made of this principle viewed as a test of the work of our churches.

Pragmatism says that thought, work, doctrine, whether in science, in philosophy, in morals or in religion, must come to the test of **results**. If results are evil that from which they proceed, is evil. If there are no results, if the fig-tree, however rich in foliage, is fruitless, cut it down. What cumbers the ground has no right to place in thought or act: its uselessness is not a mere negation, it is a positive evil.

Perhaps I may be allowed to say that in the conduct of our missions among the Orientals, I have, from the first, acted upon this pragmatic principle. I have told my fellow-workers that it was impossible for me to know from constant personal observation whether their work was good or not: that it must stand the test of results. A well-conducted mission—that is, one condutced prayerfullly, earnestly, skillfully, with the eye fixed on soul-saving, would show results, and if after a reasonable time it bore no fruit, it must be changed in some way or cut down. With fear and trembling have I sometimes applied this test to my own service as pastor. I can never forget the hot speed with which a pastor of one of our churches once protested against this test. Some brother, speaking favorably of another, referred to the conversions that took place under his ministry. Not awaiting even to let the brother finish his sentence, he snapped out, "I protest; I protest." But this protestant soon ceased from his ministry and went into another calling to which no such test could be applied.

The question which confronted me when our brother concluded his paper, was, How does our Congregationalism stand this test? No, that is not the question; but how do we, Congregationalists—how do our churches stand it? It is not the fault of our Congregationalism—of our polity of freedom and fellowship—if our pastors and churches have failed. Freedom and fellowship ought to be helpful. No other conditions conceivable to me could be so favorable for the practical use of the glad tidings of salvation through Jesus Christ.

Let us look the facts squarely in the face. The net gain in church membership in 1910 according to our last Year Book was 4,484, which is a trifle more than six-tenths of one per cent on a membership of 719,195. It is true that there were several fruit-bearing churches whose reports do not appear, but it is utterly impossible that their increase would bring the total up to one per cent. If other denominations are doing no better, how long will it be before our land is evangelized? If we had the field alone and the per cent of gain was no greater, the population of the country would outrace us shamefully and fatally.

What is the hindrance among us to the saving work of Christ? I will not judge my brethren, but I raise the question whether it is not because we are not aiming directly enough at soul-saving: whether that gospel of Jesus Christ, which Paul called the power of God to salvation, is not giving place to discussions of popular subjects, to essays on ethics and social proprieties or obligations, into which no idea of winning souls can conceivably have entered. Was my ear wrongly keyed, or was there really a tone of contempt in a reference made at our last Conference to "preaching the **gospil**"?

A few weeks ago I read in The Pacific a most gentle and fraternal appeal to our brethren, founded on what the writer overheard an evidently cultured lady kindly say to a pastor as she shook hands with him in passing from the church—"I **hoped** to hear the gospel tonight." It implied that she had not heard it and was disappointed. Not long since I received an almost identical message from a person whom I had been persuading to connect herself with one of our churches, saying, "I went there hoping to hear the gospel." Another excellent Christian lady—then an invalid, who, when well, is a staunch pillar in our church, said to me with pain in her tone—"they tell me that we have almost everything else in our pastor's discourses except the gospel."

I remember to have heard a young man say—an attendant on one of our churches, "I am accustomed to hear quotations from Goethe and Schiller and other such writers—but almost never from Jesus Christ," and he added, "I go there because it is the Congregational church, but when I get hungry for the gospel, I go to a little Baptist church close by my home." It was said, years ago, at a time when a Baptist preacher was crowding the largest assembly hall in the city with his practical up-to-date discourses and sometimes calling out applause, that a young man being asked where he attended church, replied, "When I go anywhere I go to K's church, for you don't get any of that d—d religion there." What has become of that great congregation? Where is that church? Both dead long ago.

Do we say to ourselves that we wish to be practical in our discourse? that we wish to say something which will result in leading people to more thoroughly Christian conduct, to a more winsome manner, to a higher standard of social and business honesty? Or do we say that these themes are the only ones which will draw a congregation? I remember that it was said on the occasion of a popular preacher resigning his pastorate: "We have had a man who can draw a crowd, now we would like one who can build up the church."

Brethren, I believe that from every admissible point of view, it is better to preach Christ to an audience of twenty-five than anything else but Christ to two thousand. It is better to win one soul to Christ than to receive the applause of a church full. It is better to feed the flock of God over which he has made us overseers, than to tickle itching ears, no matter how many of such are listening. And the Bread of God, with which alone his flock is fed, Jesus declares to be himself. When one who is hungry for the bread, turns from us unfed and goes elsewhere we have lost more for practical purposes than we have gained when we have amused a thousand. Such souls are the pillars in the temple of our God: they bear the burdens with joy: they give as God prospers them: they maintain fellowship one with another and with Christ: they refuse to be weary in well-doing even when wearied by it.

When I was a youth in New England it was understood that if you wanted to hear a "practical" sermon on the moralities, go to the Unitarian church. In the orthodox churches you will hear the same old doctrines argued about and be plead with to come to Jesus. And these Unitarian congregations had the wealth, the culture, the social prestige. I will make no offensive comparisons. The contrasted careers of the Congregationalism that clung with a death-grapple to Christ crucified and risen, and the Congregationalism that undertook to bring to pass ethical results without appealing to a Divine Savior, are open and manifest to all who will look that way. Are our brethren willing to try again an experiment so deadly?

I know the risk I run in writing in this way. But I hope that whoever reads it will see that it is written with brotherly love—not in criticism, but in questioning: there is no blinking the sad fact which our statistics disclose: have I suggested the cause and the cure for it or not?

DESIRABLE CITIZENS.

Wallace Nutting.

Mr. Roosevelt gave currency to this phrase. It is good because it made us think again that the great Republic could only be kept great by great citizens. We are learning this—it is not enough to be an American and get counted in the census. Even if counted ten times, as in some instances, one may still be only half a man—may be not that, and might strengthen the country by getting out of it.

We have done too much of counting noses. One great genius is worth more to the country than many myriads who are—not geniuses. Manhood suffrage certainly has its drawbacks. A person who has a ballot put in his hand and is told to exercise his sovereign rights is tempted to suppose he is worthy of them, on the theory that we never get something for nothing.

But that theory is false as Lucifer. We were given mothers, we were given mountains of gold quartz, and books were thrust into our hands, and the sunset flaunted across the Golden Gate into our eyes, not because we deserved them, but to see if we would deserve them, and it is the biggest of all mistakes to imagine we can protect title.

Before we read our title clear to mansions in the skies or on earth, the Almighty has to pass on it, whatever the probate judge may say.

For a desirable citizen is one who contributes to society more than he takes from it—who carries more than he is carried.

Thus a litigous person is an undesirable citizen, because a lawsuit inpoverishes the state. Some criminals have cost the state as must as ten laboring men would earn in a lifetime.

Somebody who is doing his duty and not breaking the law is helping to pay for the lawsuit. Probably nothing whatever—even war—is as expensive as litigation. And it is a menace to the state that justice is expensive or is tardy.

On the other hand, it would be dangerous to conclude that a merely diligent man is a desirable citizen. Although he pays the expenses of the state he may be merely a slave and a slave, either to the state, or to a private person, or to himself or his business, cannot be desirable, however diligent. The longer he keeps quiet and subjects himself to injustice the more will he get. That is, we must contribute to organized society something more than the labor of our hands.

The children who are trained to do their duty think that is mechanical. The Lord inaugurated a better program when he put it into the heart of the woman to break upon His head the alabaster cruse. Here was one who never asked what is my duty, but what is the utmost that I can do? And she did it. There is ever a wrong to right, and your share, toward China or San Francisco, is all you can do.

What must we contribute to society in order to be desirable citizens? It is not sufficient to pay our taxes. Possibly they will be so spent as to leave the state worse off. It is not sufficient to keep the laws. A stone in the pavement breaks no laws. A man is merely neutral who keeps the law. He is on a water level—a dead level. He gets nowhere, and he helps nobody else to get anywhere. Laws are not for good men, anyway.

If we contribute a library we are not on that account desirable. People will want to know how we got the money, and God will want to know if we did it to get praise from men, and the devil will want to know what sort of books the people read.

The wealthy citizen is not necessarily a desirable citizen. There are some poor United States senators, like Senator Hoar, who died poor. Some thought him a fool not to die rich. But through his poverty he made many rich. Senator Clark has expended twelve millions, so far, on his dwelling-house, and it is not even good architecture, not to say taste.

The wealthy citizen gets the impression that he is desirable. Yet Athens, not a tenth as large, not a hundredth part as rich as Rome, contributed more to humanity. Perhaps the only rich man remembered by name in the New Testament is Joseph, who buried the Lord Jesus. I don't believe there is a person here who can tell the name of the Judge who condemned John Bunyan, nor the owners of the vested church property who were afraid of him, nor the jailor who had charge of him—perhaps not the monarch's name. Surely a hundred know of him, where one knows his unworthy sovereign.

The rich man's wealth is rather a handicap to him than otherwise, and he must work lively to deserve it. It is a burden to be administered and he deserves as much the prayers as the condemnation of men. And be it noted that if you don't know what he does with it, perhaps he is giving secretly like the person "unknown" who contributed five thousand towards a Y. W. C. A. A man of my acquaintance worth a half million gave me four dollars for an important object. I set him down a miser. When he died we discovered one hidden gift of forty thousand made in his lifetime. Then I learned God had set me down for an unjust judge.

I wish now to impress this: the mere possession of property, and the mere dispensing of charity does not constitute a desirable citizen. Property is sometimes an inheritance, often an accident, frequently a disgrace, and at other times an indication of intelligence, but never a mark of character. Wealth is a necessity of civilization, and God made it as much as he made an angel; but the possession of it does not make one respectable any more than residence on Republican street makes one a Republican.

Stones and bricks never made a city, nor a fertile valley a nation. In the rise and fall of mankind Nazareth signifies more than New York; Bethany more than

San Francisco. In the richest plain in the old world, mother of millions and womb of civilization, can you on the spur of the moment, name more than two desirable citizens—Abraham, who wouldn't stay there, and Daniel, who was kept there in a den?

In the ages to come the University of California will be a mightier factor than all our business blocks; for a city is founded on ideas, and a bank on trust.

The vast piles in any metropolis are possible only by the coherence which the best citizens give a city; and if you take away your three thousand best citizens, your three hundred thousand would sink to decay, panic and ineptitude.

Every town, in a degree, is like Sodom. Its few holy, its sweet minority, keep its tone out of the gutter, and aim its efforts at something above the trough. If Jesus wept over the city, we must. If He lived for it, we must. If he shamed its sin, we must. The newspaper may reflect public opinion; the desirable citizen must reflect the heart of God. If Jesus Christ was crucified for Jerusalem, you must be crucified for San Francisco, for the disciple is not above his master. The time has come, not for sucking a city dry, but for being to it a spring of life.

The time has come in American politics for sacrifice for the sake of the city. The time is here when to save others we cannot spare ourselves. The time is now, beloved, that a child must grow up to give himself a ransom for the city as much as those children led out with halters to soften the heart of a conqueror.

I am saying that everything but righteousness has been tried to save our cities and that everything else has failed. I am saying that no man, however much he gives to his city, whether he wills it his wealth or distributes it when he is alive—that no man gives enough to his city until he gives it himself. He will tell you he is too busy to give himself. But himself is just what the city must have to do it any real good. I had a man in my church who was so just and good that both political parties came to him with an unanimous nomination for mayor.

Shall I tell the sad sequel of the story? He was so busy that he could not serve and the city went on its old sodden, staggering, sinful way! The man who is too busy to serve the city of San Francisco ought to be disfranchised, for he sets himself above Jesus Christ. And there is no business here so big as the conduct of the whole city into righteousness and cleanliness and truth. The exemplification of one eternal idea is a more enduring work and a vastly more potent influence than the tower of Babel and all great Babylon. We need beauty. But above statuary and painting and architecture, above domes and spires and towers the citizen who embodies an ideal **stands.** And if he stands in shadow yet he **stands.** On a recent journey to the north, the sublimest, fairest of mountains did not show me his face for a week; but behind the mists he was **there,** white, high, glorious, heaven-piercing.

So though clouds and darkness be about **Him,** yet justice and judgment are the habitations of His throne, and above our city, though you know it not, though we may throw high the dust of your penny dreadful theatre and the smoke of our social torment—**yet** above your city rises a cross and upon it one hangs—the long-suffering—the self-forgetting, the quivering ideal, the **civic center** there—the fountain of mercy on his throne—behold, the desirable citizen!

A city must be loved to be saved, and you must love it. A city can lack everything else and thrive, but ideals it cannot live without. And an ideal that does not live in a man and from a man is unreal. We must give the city more love than it gives us or we are bankrupt—one shade above paupers. We must love in the city those who do not love us, because, after all has been said, the greatest need of the world is to be loved.

And as beauty and truth, as methods of government, have been the objects of ridicule, so will they be yet, until beneath the face of Christ enthroned the dazed city either prays or grovels, and on your city hall you carve, as did the Florentines on theirs: Jesus Christ elected king by the people of Florence.

The only desirable citizen is he who embodies in his citizenship the spirit of Jesus. When he was tried the paid rabble yelled, "Crucify! Crucify." but when he died there was a moral hush, and the dignity and glory of character as a civil influence asserted itself in the memorable record: "All the multitude who came together to that sight, returned, smiting their breasts." There was not a solitary ribaled jester, nor an alarmed hypocrite, but a city bowed under the sense that it had rejected its most desirable citizen.

Thus, to one who will dignify himself by a moment's thought, it is obvious the desirable citizen is not merely upright, but generously good enough to overflow, or how can he help?—who lives according to a scheme of righteousness that he knows is beyond the cloud; that the only method that will work on earth is the method that works above the earth; that as the city of God needs no red-light district to foster its commerce, neither does the city of San Francisco. Will you seriously colonize a section of hell to render San Francisco popular?

But some really excellent person will say to me, "Of course we should have a referendum?" Neither referendum nor tweedledum or any dum whatever has the slightest influence in uplifting a city.

If you had a coterie of selfish men—a league or two leagues—each trying to get control of the city, would it make any difference whether you had one supreme, or two, or three, or ten, or thirty, or a hungry paid rabble? Is a legion of devils superior to one devil?

The spirit of goodness must flow into the city from the desirable citizen. The fullness of God is too big to stop with filling one man. The selfish religionist becomes a sour Pharisee—the waters of life became alkaline within him—a dead sea, and he a death's valley.

Jesus does not occupy His unrivalled position merely because he was just. The cross, his emblem, stands always for something beyond duty—even for unselfish abandon. He saved others; Himself he could not save. Let us not think to live on our incomes! No man's is big enough. We must live on our outgo. No city was ever saved by doing one's duty by it. You are in that case only an unprofitable servant, for you have only discharged your obligation, but not sacrificed for the city.

The progress of civilization invariably means that people are bestowing the very highest that is in them on society—more than a hand at bridge, even a soul in travail. Their thinking—not cashed in at so much per hour at the city treasury, their thinking for their city, state and fellow-being. We have to love men with all our mind just as we must love God. They must think of the alley beyond theirs, however clean their alley is; and unless they go beyond and clean the other alley, civilization halts. Yellow fever met its Waterloo when officers of the United

States army purposely offered themselves to its contagion to prove how to cure it and died more gloriously for their country than they could have done in the hot blood of the battle-field.

It is therefore the business of all the people to live so that it may encourage to rise from its high level a man of baptized genius and then to set him over the people just as the bees raise and enthrone their queen.

The most highly successful society is that which produces genius. Judged thus America is weak.

Looked at in many lights Jesus the Lord was the Sublime Socialist. If we hesitate at this we have merely to remember that we are probably stumbling over terms, not over the spirit.

The public school is pure socialism. Eye treatment of pupils is so. Treatment of teeth is so. Free breakfasts are so. Compulsory cleanliness is so. We have gone thus far. There is only a short step to providing decency in clothes. Highways and bridges are pure socialism—except Southern Pacific ferries. In New York the city owns one of its ferries. Public libraries are socialism. So are all public buildings for administration, or uplift—museums of art, history, nature. The law courts are so, in assigning counsel to those too poor to employ. The hospitals are so, in caring for the sick gratis. The church is so, in assigning pews to those not able to pay for them and in using their fellowship funds to relieve their needy.

Thus law, medicine, education, communication—notice three cent fares in Cleveland are looking toward socialism. And old-age pensions complete the circle.

That is, the young—in foundling asylums, children's homes and schools—are in theory given a chance. And the old also are practically looked after.

There is a place where socialism stops.

The first church in Jerusalem "had all things in common." The plan was not permanently successful. The Pilgrims of Plymouth had their tilled land in common, and dwellings were erected by the community. It did not work. It pays the community to hold up some eminent men. There is no such thing as equality in men. A false echo of the French revolution! So much nonsense about freedom.

Thus we of America have much to call to mind concerning the remedies for misgovernment.

When I see the multitude of remedies suggested to cure our civic sickness I think of Ferrow's recent and highly important volumes on the Decline of Rome, and I wish they were known well by every official from senator to councilman. For every possible expedient in government has been tried before our time. On the shores of the Mediterranean they were all worked out through ages by Greek and Roman.

What did they learn? When they had a good king there was a magnificent government, or a good oligarchy, or a good republic; the government was right while the people were right.

But there comes a bad king, and they groan. They find nothing so hateful, so damnable as monarchy, and they wipe out their king, swearing none shall ever again reign. They try then two men, consuls—set to watch each other. If one was good and the other bad there was a neutral government, but both bad—then, heaven help the city!

They tried a government of three men—a triumvirate. Did you ever serve on a committee where the other two members were rascals and wanted you to be and outvoted you?

And in disgust the people tried a commission of ten. Do you remember the bloody reign and end of that decemvirate? But, said the people, we will have thirty men to take charge of government! What did they afterwards name these men? The thirty tyrants!

And they tried a single legislature, and a double chamber. They tried the multitude; they tried the rabble, the oligarchy, the hierarchy. An oligarchy murdered Savonarola; a manhood suffrage executed Socrates; a queen burned John Rogers; a consul caused in modern times the slaughter of millions of youth in Europe; a commission slaughtered the noblest citizens of Rome; a hierarchy crucified the Lord of Glory.

Beware, how you deceive yourselves into imagining that any salvation lies in changing the form of government, or the names or numbers or powers or tenures of the governors.

Unless the weight of education and wealth is baptized in the spirit of Jesus Christ—unless the set of the people is toward righteousness, there will be a bad government. Nations and communities move in circles; history repeats itself, and men forget to read and hate to learn from it.

History came up to Christ, and emanates from Christ. The Hebrew nation had tried everything and had been superceded by the alien Roman, who gave them a far better government than they ever gave themselves. And what was the end? Left with the right to try their own matters of religion, the leaders of the nation set on the dregs of the nation to cry, "Crucify Him!"

But behold in the background somebody praying—and for them; somebody making His will, for the benefit of John; somebody lifting a robber higher than a cross; somebody sending out over the city the sense of eternal shame for selfishness; behold a citizen who, though in that country from which he came was rich, yet for our sake he became poor; who laid aside his excellent majesty, the glory which he had with the father:

> When amid the embrace of his God,
> He felt compassion rise.

Tell me, was he under any greater obligation to die for the people than we are? Never think you have done enough until you have done all you can!

Personal righteousness is the only patriotism. A desirable government is impossible without desirable citizens. Desirable citizens are made at the foot of the cross. One must be a good man to be a good citizen. If business interferes with patriotism, neglect your business. If your business requires you to be smooth to sin, change your business. After you pay you tax you owe the city your love. Your head is mortgaged to San Francisco. There is a lien on your thinking. The city demands it. You hold your deeds as a trustee for humanity. If you engage all your time in making money you are robbing yourself of a soul.

As recently I came past dear old Plymouth Church, Seattle, where for years God gave me to see a multitude turning to righteousness and to see sin sit ashamed or gnash in token that it was moved upon, where we cast into the city, as we could together, the formative power of the magnetic cross which arranges humanity around it, I saw it advertized 'that a woman who instigated murder and arson in Chicago riots, was to speak on the danger in the increase of the power of the church! What useless anxieties some people suffer!

The church is not at present as dangerous to bad gov-

ernment as it ought to be. But the church must swallow up the world as mortality is swallowed up of life. Militant religion is the only true religion. If there is one genius of righteousness all the city is stirred, saying, "Who is this?"

When the brain of the church is converted it will rule the city. And this is our only hope, for at present, dodge the declaration of it as we will, democracy is a failure. If the ideas of Jesus have the vitality he declared they had, the kingdom of God will leaven the whole lump.

SOME OF THE NEW BOOKS.

What They Are—With Comment Thereon and Excerpts Therefrom.

"The School of Life." By Washington Gladden. An attractive booklet of 32 pages, showing in a helpful comfortingt manner that the happenings in our daily lives which seem untoward hold gifts of the highest value; that every one of them is a challenge to our manhood and womanhood; that if we meet them as we ought and as we may we shall find in them enlargement and ennoblement of life. Further the thought is that every life, even the humblest and most prosaic, is crowded with beautiful and glorious opportunities. (Pilgrim Press, Boston; 25 cents.)

"Modern Church Brotherhoods." By William B. Patterson. This is a comprehensive survey of the Brotherhood activities in the various denominations. Considering first the origin and development of the brotherhoods, the author passes in part second to "What is the Modern Brotherhood?" And from that in other parts to "The Mission of the Brotherhood" and "The Field of the Brotherhood." Dr. Josiah Strong speaks of the book as "admirably adapted to meet the needs of brotherhoods and other men's organizations at the present time." And Charles Stelzle says that it "will make men see their responsibility in the work of the church." The author was a Brotherhood general secretary for five years. (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York; $1.00 net.)

"What the Church Means to Me." By Wilfred T. Grenfell, M.D. Evidently the Church means a great deal to Dr. Grenfell. He says: "I thank God for the real Church of God. I realize as never before how essential that is." And, because of his great love for it, he expresses himself frankly and hopes it will come to see that it also "must have its scrap heap or museum for honorable antiquities, on which to lay aside the weights which are crippling its usefulness and which are bound eventually to destroy it if it blindly continues to cling to them." It seems to him ridiculous for any body of men to say "We are the Church." "If they try to exclude at the same time those who approach their Maker, or who are endeavoring to do faithfully the things Christ would approve, only in some other way, then they become offensive also. I am firmly convinced that the world is coming to this view, and I am glad it is already beginning to express it." In writing of what makes the Church attractive, Dr. Grenfell says: "That which attracts to a church today is not higher criticism, elaborate ritual, hair-splitting creeds, but fearless fighting for public health, for good government, for righteous labor conditions, for clean courts of justice. Aptly the leader of a darky revival is quoted as saying when asked if he didn't sometimes read the Old Testament: 'No sah! Dem commandments just upset de whol' revival.'" All in all a very stimulating book! It merits wide circulation. (Pilgrim Press, Boston, 50 cents net; postage 7 cents.)

"An Anonymous Confession." By W. Elsworth Lawson. The little volume with this title is a study mainly of the 51st Psalm, which is regarded as a passionate cry out of the kindly dark of anonymity of an essentially religious man who had fallen into a grievous sin. It is not a general confession of sin written by some man who had a keener sense of communal wickedness than the community itself had, but had origin in the sad experiences of some individual soul. "Doubtless the poem was early put to national religious uses," says Mr. Lawson; but, like Newman's "Lead Kindly Light" or Wesley's "Wrestling Jacob," must have sprung from the sorrowful experience of some contrite heart. The poem has become the shrine of penitent humanity—the confessional of the world's sin, writes Mr. Lawson, because of "its stinging shame, its scalding tears, its self-abasement, its piercing cries for deliverance—yes, and its final gleam of hope." To his exposition of the psalm the author adds an article on "Unconscious Christianity," in which he sets it forth as the inspiring task of the Christian Church to show men that their aspirations and longings are an evidence that Christ is leading them; and so, to win such souls to a conscious faith in Christ, that their instinctive goodness may be reinforced, extended, and made to triumph. Mr. Lawson, who is pastor of Pilgrim Church, Oakland, writes here, as everywhere, with fine literary finish and charm and with an intellectuality that makes his book a winsome one. (Pilgrim Press, Boston, 50 cents net; postage 7 cents.)

"MY FOUR ANCHORS."

This little book by Dr. Lyman Abbott on "What We Know in the Realm of Religion" is one of the volumes to which we shall turn again and again until it has become a vital part of our life. No one can read it without realizing that there are some things to which to tie.

"Of all characters in history none so gathers into himself and reflects from himself all the varied virtues of a complete manhood as does Jesus of Nazareth," says Dr. Abbott, "and the world is recognizing it."

In setting forth some of the things that we know he says: "We know that goodness is better than wickedness, virtue is better than vice, uprightness is better than crookedness; no matter where the virtue may lead, no matter where the crookedness may lead. We know that if honor and truth and integrity led down to eternal hell it would be better to follow them than it would to follow vice, iniquity and selfishness, though they crowned us in an eternal heaven."

From the concluding pages we quote:

"You remember in that story of the shipwreck of Paul he said that they threw out four anchors and waited for day. I have thrown out in my life those four anchors—my faith in goodness, my faith in the possibility of men's accomplishment of goodness, my faith in Jesus Christ as the ideal of goodness, and my faith in the divine helpfulness in the world to help me to goodness. And then I have waited for the day. Not all is clear; the universe is still an enigma, there is a great deal I do not pretend to understand. But the changes that have taken place in the last hundred years have only deepened and enlarged my faith.

"I know that God did not make this world in six days, or hang the moon and stars above to light it. I know this world is but a little globule of sand on an infinite beach of sand, and I a microscope being on that globule of sand. And so the possibility of polytheism, and the possibility of

idolatry—even the spiritual idolatry of a king robed in white and sitting on a throne somewhere in the universe—is gone. It can never return to me; I am glad it has gone. And in place of it has come this God who is in his world, not apart from it. I am an evolutionist. And evolution has taught me that life is a continuous growth; there was a beginning to it so far as we know, there never will be an end to it so far as we know.

"And many things that were mysterious to me I can at least leave mysterious. I am not in a finished temple, I am in a temple that is building. What the temple will be when it is finished I do not know, but I will take my tool and do my little part of the carving, and leave the rest to him. And God is nearer to me, for every day is a creative day, and every hour is a redemptive hour, and he is in his world today as truly as he ever was in olden times." (Pilgrim Press, Boston; 50 cents net; postage 7 cents.)

"THE UNIFICATION OF THE CHURCHES."

The several chapters of this timely volume treat of: Present Disunion, and why; The Good and Ill of It; Reunion and the Way to It; Progress—First in Christian Countries; second, on the Mission Fields; The concluding chapter is "An Outlook," from which we quote as to the obstacles in the way:

"One of the principal obstacles at present in the way of any comprehensive unification of the Churches is the disposition of some of the respective families to insist upon the essential nature of the beliefs and practices by which they are distinguished. So long, for instance, as the "historic episcopate" is declared by a large and influential section of Protestant Christians to be an ecclesiastical **sine-qua-non**, there must continue to be at least two great Protestant denominations. It is equally true that so long as another large and influential section hold that there is only one method of valid baptism, another differentiation must be perpetuated. In like manner within the respective families, so long as any branch regards its own peculiar creed or practice to be binding on conscience, lesser divisions of Churhes by denominational lines must be continued. Happily there is a constantly increasing tendency on the part of all the followers of Christ to see that what does not alienate men from Him may well be questioned if set up as a sufficient justification for separation into distinct Churches.

"Another obstacle is the inertia of the Churches. Most of the denominations have a great history, and are justly proud of what they have suffered and achieved. Some of them are large in membership, and have immense wealth and influence; and they are characterized by a steady growth. Under such conditions it is not strange that by a good many both of the ministry and the laity the response to arguments and appeals in favor of unification is feeble. They point to the deeper unity which subsists along with denominationalism; and to the external recognition and utilization of this unity by such means as Comity, Co-operation, Alliance and Federation. We have the essence already they say; why not be content with it? Why disturb our church life and our ecclesiastical machinery by a pursuit after something which is not vital? Thus mere inertia, rather than positive opposition hinders progress toward unification.

"The practical difficulties which can always be more or less seen as necessary to be met in all partciular cases of proposed unification are a powerful deterrent influence. These in a majority of instances at first seem so great that to be able to overcome them is apparently almost hopeless. Sacrifices of sentiments, habits, and personal interests are involved. Were the Methodists, the Presbyterians and the Congregationalists to unite, what a tremendous amount of readjustment would this necessitate in the general management of the affairs of these ecclesiastical organizations! As to the individual congregations and their places of worship, how difficult would it be to bring about the better conditions for the sake of which the three denominations joined in one! We could count upon the ministers and the membership if convinced of the righteousness and the wisdom of the step, rising to the measure of the unselfish devotion required; but until duty clearly is seen, the prospect of the practical difficulties must operate as a powerful deterrent.

"Notwithstanding these obstacles, and many others beside, an advance has been made that is immensely encouraging; and progress tends each year to become more rapid and hopeful. In estimating this, perhaps the chief place ought to be given to the fact that the unification of the Churches is now commanding such large and thoughtful attention. It unquestionably has the ear of the Christian public as to at no previous time in the modern history of Protestantism."

The author who is Daniel W. Fisher, D.D., LL.D., is confident that beyond all that has been achieved other immense advances toward unification are practicable in our day and deserve whole-souled co-operation. (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York; 50 cents net.)

A NEW STRATEGY.

The Neglected Fields Survey in Great Western States.

A notable effort in home mission construction is made this fall and winter (1911). The essential features are the following:

In two tiers of western states, at fifteen points, those concerned in the direction of home mission work of all denominations are asked to assemble for a "Day of Consultation."

The call is issued by the Home Missions Council, composed of 22 denominational Boards doing work in the United States. A deputation, including one representative of each of the Boards doing extensive work in the region covered, visits the Consultation points.

The calendar is so arranged that the deputation may reach all the points designated. The States covered, the places designated for the Consultation, and the dates, are indicated by the following:

Minnesota—Minneapolis, November 15, Wednesday.

North Dakota—Fargo, November 16, Thursday.

Montana—Butte, November 21, Tuesday.

Idaho—Boise, November 23, Thursday.

Eastern Washington—Spokane, November 27, Monday.

Western Washington—Seattle, November 29, Wednesday.

Oregon—Portland, December 1, Friday.

Northern California — San Francisco, December 5-6, Tuesday-Wednesday.

Southern California—Los Angeles, December 7, Thursday.

Utah—Salt Lake, December 11, Monday.

Wyoming—Cheyenne, December 12, Tuesday.

Colorado—Colorado Springs, December 13, Wednesday.
Kansas—Topeka, December 15, Friday.
Nebraska—Omaha, December 18, Monday.
South Dakota—Huron, December 20, Wednesday.

The topic of discussion at each point is "Unmet Needs." The morning session will be devoted to a detailed presentation of these unmet needs in a state survey by those well informed. From among the following such topics as should naturally be stressed in each locality are chosen: Unmet Needs—(a) In Rural Districts; (b) Among Foreigners; (c) In Small Towns; (d) In Suburban Districts; (e) In Congested Urban Districts; (h) In Lumber Camps; (g) In Mining Camps; (h) Among Indians; (i) In Social Ministry; (j) Among Orientals. The afternoon session will be devoted to the elaboration of plans for a complete survey later to be prosecuted and for such action as shall eventually leave no needy field uncared for.

The following statements will more adequately interpret the effort:

1. It is not a "Movement" in the commonly accepted meaning of that term, though it is certainly designed to generate and direct motion. There are no large publicity features. At the points where it is locally desired, an evening popular session will be held, designed to reach the local public. This feature is only incidental. The chief aim is

PACIFIC SEVEN

to bring together in council those already charged with the responsibilities of home mission administration in each State. The effort is of profound public interest. but it has no general convention features.

2. It springs out of the organic life of the churches. Many movements have been more or less abortive because they have not been so contrived as to carry the established agencies of the churches with them. This effort is directly promoted by the Home Mission boards of the various churches and can advance no policies which the constituted agencies of the churches are not prepared to back up with the official funds of the churches.

3. It is positive and constructive, rather than negative and inhibitive. Much agitation of the problem of duplication of churches on home mission fields has been indulged. Many unofficial "discoveries" have not been in accord with the facts. At best the negative policy has too often resulted in the pot's calling the kettle black; crimination has been met by recrimination; responsibility for encroachment of one church upon territory already served by another has been bandied back and forth with little result beyond bad feeling all around. Manifestly no progress lies in that direction. It is thus impossible to discover cause for blame. not to speak of fixing it intelligently, or correcting the evils.

For the first time in the history of the American churches this problem is to be gone at scientifically and officially. This effort faces the future; it lives in the present: it knows the past only as teaching lessons for future guidance.

This is only the beginning. Those who meet in "consultation" may be reasonably expeted to shape policies is prompted by a sanctified scientific spirit; it aims to dis-which shall mark out a course all may follow. The effort is prompted by a sanctified scientific spirit; it aims to discover the facts, the actual facts, before judgment upon them is ventured. The forces of all evangelical bodies are to unite in investigating the unmet spiritual needs of this vast territory upon which so much of the home mission emphasis now falls and must continue to fall. The effort is of the greatest concern to all the Churches of Christ in America.

PROFESSOR DAY REFUSES TO RESIGN.

Gives Reason for the Refusal.

SAN ANSELMO, Cal. November 7, 1911.—To the Board of Directors of the San Francisco Theological Seminary—Dear Brethren: I have received from the stated clerk of the synod of California a copy of the resolution adopted by that body requesting me to resign my position as professor of Old Testament literature and exegesis in the San Francisco Theological Seminary, and in the event of my not complying with the request directing you to remove me from this position. Both the request for my resignation and the direction for my removal are based upon a declaration of belief that I am "out of harmony with the standards of our church and not a proper instructor of young men entering our ministry."

As the resignation if tendered would be presented to you, I deem it fitting and necessary to lay before you the reasons which lead me to decline to accede to the request.

1. In the first place I have never been declared to be out of harmony with the standards of our church by any ecclesiastical tribunal acting in its proper capacity as a judge in the matter. Twice the board of directors has met the question in a way that leaves no shadow of suspicion resting on my orthodoxy. When the synod entered upon a consideration of my answers to certain questions which had been propounded to me it was distinctly affirmed that the proceedings were in no sense intended to be judicial. If the majority of the synod believed me to be at variance with the standards, instead of placing on record that belief and proceeding to act thereon it was not only their right but their duty to instruct the presbytery of Benicia to take action in the matter as provided by the constittution of the church. Until this is done I have a right to claim immunity from injurious reflections upon my doctrinal soundness.

2. For in the second place this real, though covert, accusation touches my standing as a minister before it affects my status as a professor. I am first a minister, then a professor. I am a professor because I was first a minister. It is impossible to separate my ministerial from my professorial character when the question at issue is that of my conformity or non-conformity to the standards. Whoever impugns the one, by implication assails the other. If the grounds on which this request ultimately rests were valid I would be ineligible to any pulpit in our church. I can not face a charge so serious as this without wondering whether the supporters of this resolution realized the injury they were doing.

3. But, thirdly, I can not rest the case here. I will go further. I solemnly declare that I am not out of harmony with the standards of our church. I have time and again affirmed my loyalty to the confessional system of doctrine, and I reiterate that system has undergone no change since the time of my ordination. On the great essential doctrines of the gospel, set forth in the confession of faith and the catechisms of the Presbyterian church, I am in hearty agreement with those who accept and adopt the same. Absolute uniformity of belief is neither possible nor desirable. No two Presbyterians think exactly alike. There are permissible variations within the standards which might

on too rigid a construction be called departures therefrom. I claim no liberty that is not safeguarded by the confession itself. If my doctrinal soundness is called in question by those who know me but slightly, I have a right to appeal to those who know me best. And if this is not enough, I have a right to demand a stay of proceedings until I have been adjudged guilty by the only tribunal having the right to try me.

4. To accede to this request would be virtually to confess that the implied accusation is true. It would be to consent to what I believe to be not only unfounded, but injurious. Neither could I tender my resignation in order to put you to a test. That would be an insincerity. My resignation, if voluntary, ought to mean either that I wish to be relieved of the duties of my chair or that I am convinced it is demanded by an inexorable necessity.

Finally, I hold now as I have constantly held in the past, that as a professor in this seminary I am amenable directly and solely to your authority and direction. I am hedged about, as are you, by chartered provisions and regulations as laid down in the plan of the seminary. To resign in the present instance, for the reason that the synod requests it, would be to disregard your exclusive rights in the premises. This I cannot do, Very sincerely yours.

THOMAS FRANKLIN DAY.

THE GHOST OF GYPSY SMITH.

Wilfred Withington, Pastor of Keystone Church, Seattle.

Some of you may say "Gypsy Smith has left us." He has not. He is never going to leave this city. His message will haunt the man who tries to forget it. His spirit will come again and again, like the presence of a great comfort to those whom he has led to choose Christ. Such men are the boon companions of our better selves. He will not leave us for his personality has entered into the corporate life of our community. He has led us to a place in living, a sense of responsibility a power of resource, that will make our people unsatisfied unless they go on, grow better, live on higher planes of thought, and realize nobler and nobler ideals.

He is however, only a ghost at best, only half here. His voice and words are only echoes. Born into our blood as are his messages, they must give way to greater truths and harder challenges. If the evangelist should come back again he would still be only a ghost for many men have absorbed this message and are ready for the next divine word.

There is a person here who is no ghost for His words shall not pass away. His thoughts are our daily bread forever. His ideals can never lose their wondrous lure.

The Gypsy at best was an evangelist leading us only to begin aright, and so he passes on, or stays as ghost, but Christ abides, no ghost, no memory, no echo, but an ever-present help. He is still ahead of us. He is still revealing Cod to us. He is still suffering for us. He is continually rising up again and compelling us to go forth and teach what we have seen, and He is with us to the end.

Congratulations to Everett, Washington, because of the election of the Rev. R. B. Hassell as mayor! Several years ago Mr. Hassell was pastor of the Congregational Church in Everett. He was pastor also for a time at National City, California. During the last few years he has not been in charge of any church, but has resided at Everett, spending a few months each winter in California. Before entering the ministry he was a lawyer. A man of ability and of choice character, he will make an excellent mayor.

CHURCH BUILDING.

Another fiscal year closes with December. In the months already gone the Congregational Church Building Society has voted aid to 34 churches in this district, amounting to $70,350. Towards this sum our churches in the same time have quite generously contributed. Some have promptly paid their installments on loan—some have forwarded their full apportionment, others only a part with the promise of the entire amount, while still others are making the effort to reach the same. Ere December 31st will not every church be enrolled among the number contributing? A few Sundays remain on which an offering may be made. Or if the plan is that of weekly gifts, time is left for forwarding the same. Will not pastors or church officers, or both, kindly give attention to this and promptly send through Conference Treasurer, or directly to this office what is intended for church building.

The undersigned, after several delightful weeks in New England, expects to be at his desk, 948 Market St., San Francisco, by December 1st, and will be glad to serve in any way possible.

H. H. WIKOFF,
Field Sec'y C. C. B. S.

Boston, Mass, Nov. 15, 1911.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. E. J. Singer will have charge of the work at Lincoln for a few months.

Sunday, November the 12th, a daughter was born to the Rev. and Mrs. E. B. Hart of Petaluma.

The Rev. Dr. Wallace Nutting will speak to the students of Pacific Theolcgical Seminary next Friday at 11 a. m.

Last week a committee of the San Jose Church conferred with the Rev. Dr. Patchell and informed him that it was the unanimous wish of the members that he withdraw his resignation and continue as pastor. But Dr. Patchell feels impelled to go, and expects to leave in a few weeks for the East, where pulpit supply work is opening upto him for a time.

The Rev. C. C. Kirtland has presented his resignation as pastor at Redwood City, where he has labored devotedly and successfully for eight years, asking that it take effect the first of February. Although not ill he wishes to rest for a year. The Church has offered to give him a year's vacation, but he has declined their kind offer, believing that the work can be better carried on if a settled pastor is secured at an early date.

The Century Magazine announces for 1912 a series of interesting and important papers on "The Trade of the World." Another series of marked value will be those on "The Middle West," by Professor Ross of the University of Wisconsin. They will treat of the characteristics and influences of the Ohio and Mississippi Valley states, differentiating that section from the East and interpreting it to the whole country. "The American Undergraduate" will be considered in five significant papers by Clayton Sedgwick Cooper, author of "College Men and the Bible." Next month an article by Dr. Charles W. Eliot on "Democracy

and Manners" will be published. It is based on replies to inquiries sent out to 750 school superintendents, to ascertain to what extent training in manners is given in the schools.

Among the Churches.

California.

Niles.—Sunday morning, Nov. 5, the Niles Church held its last communion service in the old building, where they have worshiped for 21 years. Nearly all the resident members were present and the service was an impressive one. Four were received into fellowship, one by letter and three on confession of faith, two of the latter number being young men. The Ladies' Guild will hold their annual bazaar and entertainment, the afternoon and evening of Dec. 8, in the gymnasium of the new church.

Claremont.—The Rev. George Irving, associate pastor, is in Oregon and Washington, where he is conducting a service of evangelistic meetings for young men. From Nov. 10 to 14 he was in Seattle, at the University of Washington. From the 16th to the 19th he will be at the Oregon Agricultural College at Corvallis.—At the recent communion service twenty-six persons came into the membership of the Claremont Church, two on confession.—The growth of the work will make necessary an enlargement of the church building in the near future.

Los Angeles, West End.—At the communion service last Sunday nine persons were received into fellowship, making a total for the year of twenty additions, of which eight have been by confession of faith and twelve by letter. Of those received Sunday five were members of a family who had been brought up in the Roman Catholic Church, but have now decided to live after the Protestant way. A flourishing brotherhood has been organized and already gives promise of being of great assistance in drawing in the men of the neighborhood. Rev. Harold V. Harthorn, pastor.

Pasadena, First.—Last Sunday morning Dr. Fox preached to a large congregation on the subject of Sabbath observance. The theme was suggested by a movement begun at the prayer-meeting the previous week, when a committee was formed to try to induce the management of Aviator Rodger's trip to select a week day instead of Sunday for the completion of the transcontinental journey, the last stage being from Pasadena to Long Beach. The result was unsuccessful, however, in spite of protests from other churches, both in Pasadena and Long Beach, the management having previously closed a contract with Rodgers to land on the beach for a large sum of money, on Sunday afternoon. Dr. Fox declared that the intrepid aviator had missed the opportunity of his life in thus consummating his achievement, an achievement which might almost be said to rank with the discovery of America, lowering it to a mere money-making effort by thus catering to commercialism.

La Jolla.—At a recent meeting of the church, the pastor outlined a plan, subsequently unanimously adopted, whereby the entire membership is to be enrolled for Bible study in one or more of three departments. Department one is the Sunday-school, thoroughly graded and up-to-date. Department two is the mid-week service, when instead of the usual topics, which are heterogeneous and unrelated, certain consecutive and connected portions of Scripture will be discussed. Department three is the home circle, where those who cannot attend either Sunday-school or mid-week service, may pursue the same course of reading which is being followed on Wednesday night. It is confidently expected that every member of the church will be enrolled in this way, and marked spiritual benefit is sure to result. At the same meeting at which the above outlined plan was endorsed, it was also voted to support the pastor in a series of special evangelistic meetings, to be conducted mainly by a neighboring minister. The idea is that of co-operative pastoral evangelism, strongly recommended by that particular committee of the National Council. It is hoped that Rev. C. W. Hill of La Mesa will consent to take charge of the La Jolla meetings, and at a later date, Rev. Mr. Bissell will perform a like service in La Mesa.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

Gipsy Smith is here. He arrived last Wednesday evening from Seattle. Thursday he inspected the auditorium in which the meetings are to be held. He was highly pleased with the arrangements, and particularly with the acoustics. The choir of more than a thousand voices he heard also, and was pleased. His simplicity, his directness, his dependence upon God for success, his determinationthat no one shall think that he is desirous of taking credit for winning souls to Christ otherwise than as a weak instrument in the hands of the Almighty, his sympathetic relation to all the ministers of the city, insisting that this is their work—that he is to assist them in the gathering of the seed of their sowing—the sickle, as it were—all have conspired to remove every atom of doubt that might have existed in the mind of any minister as to the benefit to be derived from his presence in this city prior to his meeting with the Ministerial Association for the first time.

So far there have been but two meetings. Each time the auditorium, seating over 8,000, was crowded to the utmost, and scores turned away. The first service last Friday evening was somewhat formal. It consisted of a brief address of welcome from Governor Oswald West, on behalf of the Ministerial Association by Rev. W. B. Hinson, of the First Baptist Church. Then Gipsy Smith took the meeting, and had a brief heart to heart talk to the choir, to the ushers, and to the personal workers, calling each body to stand up to receive his message, which was so simple and yet so direct and sane, and yet in such a gentle, tender spirit that he won the heart of the multitude present. After a brief address, the central thought of which was relating to the power of prayer, he asked all who desired him to pray for them to arise, and scores responded quickly.

At the meeting this afternoon, although the weather for the first time this fall was unusually inclement, the audience was away beyond the seating capacity of the great building, and hundreds stood up all through the service, which lasted two hours. At the close ofthe discourse, in response to the appeal to take a stand for Christ, a large

number—one hundred or more—went into the inquiry room.

The campaign is now fully inaugurated, and the atmosphere of the churches, the people of the city, and also the public seems to be truly sympathetic. Consequently the spirit of expectancy for a great work to the honor of God is widespread and leads to the belief that marvelous things will occur in this city during the next two weeks.

Rev. Stephen B. L. Penrose, D.D., president of Whitman College, Walla Walla, Washington, preached in the First Church this morning. For two years past he has been very diligent in putting forth an effort to secure a million dollar endowment for his institution. He has $600,000 pledged, and has about two months in which to secure the remainder.

Portland, November 12, 1911.

AN OMISSION.

One line was omitted from the poem by William Norris Burr, on the cover page of The Pacific last week. We do not care to have this beautiful sonnet go forth in this crippled way, and therefore reprint it with the missing line in place.—Editor.

THE DEVASTATING CHRIST.

William Norris Burr.

I saw One marshaling a mighty host
Of followers, and going forth with sword
And torch to smite and burn in battle, stirred
With purpose to destroy, at awful cost,
His enemies. His face was sorrow-crossed,
Yet lighted as the face of one who heard,
Responsive, some fine soul-song, or a word
Out from the very heart of heaven tossed.

Where'er He went He left the ruin-sign—
Ashes, razed citadels, and trampled fields,
And smoke-drift creeping o'er a stricken land.
But mid the ashes blossomed flowers divine.
And things eternal, such as heaven yields,
Came forth to bless the world on every hand.

La Canada, Cal.

The Home.

A MOTHERING AND DETERMINED WOMAN.

What did she see in her man? That is one of the oldest questions in the world. It belongs to every age and clime, though it is not always put into the same form. The answer? Oh, that is even more varied than the question. But there are times when the answer, if not impossible to find, is difficult. That was what Malleny Bridge said when Christina Thorborn, its most respected and highly accredited spinster, deliberately married one William Sprule, joiner and wheelwright, and lazy man of the village.

His capacity for idleness was really prodigious. To behold him leaning with his arms over the parapet of the bridge that spanned the Malleny Burn, smoking a capacious pipe, at an hour when other men willy-nilly were hard at work, ready to smile and to pass the time of day with any chance passer-by, even while his shop was bursting out at the door with waiting jobs, that was a lesson in philosophy. Christina lived opposite, in a snug little cottage that had once been the toll-house when the Malleny Bridge was closed for the receipt of custom. Her cottage stood sheer on the road, with two small garden plots in front, while William's house and out-buildings sloped away from the end of the bridge right down to the waterside, where the burn, more willing than the wheelwright, never refused to do its work.

Living opposite like this, Christina had full opportunity of observing and realizing the full magnitude of William Sprule's "idleset", as she expressed it. She had a few fields behind her cottage which, with the aid of a halflin lad, in the summer she managed to till into an amazing fertility. Early and late she was busy either indoors or out, and after dark, in the short winter days, the chance pedestrian could hear the pleasant whir of her spinning-wheel as he passed her door. A little sharp of speech, her heart was of gold, and, in spite of her hard work, she had managed to preserve in middle life a large part of the charm of youth. Her fine color had not coarsened, nor her features hardened, and her hair, plaited in a big coil round her neat head, gave to her carriage a certain dignity which well became her. Always neat in her dress, both at work and at play, she was careful of the money she so hardly earned, and jokes about Christina's stocking-foot were frequent about Malleny Bridge. Regarding her balance at the bank, however, she preserved a strict reticence, but she was never unwilling to help a neighbor, provided she was assured that he or she deserved it. One day she stepped out of her way to help William Sprule, even after her better judgment had decided that he was past praying for.

It was a stormy March evening at the close of a long, hard winter that had sorely tried the mettle of the hill folk. The frost had been so long and dour, the snow so deep and persistent in its downcome, the sun so scanty for its melting, that outdoor operations were much hampered, and stockholders especially grumbling hard. It might be that, having an unwonted amount of leisure on their hands, farmers generally spent it in redding up their steadings. It seemed as if every implement for miles around had been put under inspection and found wanting. They were forthwith driven or hauled to William Sprule at Malleny Bridge, so that his little yard became like an agricultural implement emporium, where a Martinmas roup might advantageously have taken place any day.

Christina, a lady of leisure for the nonce, was much diverted and occasionally rendered exceedingly wrathful as she wached the gradual accumulation. Sometimes in the still, wintry hush she would hear loud sounds of altercation from the opposite side of the road, and, looking out, would behold some irate farmer making it hot for William, who looked quite undisturbed. It was decided at a sort of informal meeting of farmers that William needed a lesson to cure him of his idleness and his dilatoriness in the handling of orders committed to his charge, and a compact was entered into which took operation on the the March day when Christina Thorburn was called into counsel.

About nine o'clock in the morning various persons and some horses began to appear on and about Malenny Bridge, and by three of the afternoon William's yard was empty. Not a single implement of any kind was left to his tender mercies. It was done quietly, without much speech, and William was so dumbfounded that he forgot to protest. It happened that Miss Thorburn had gone to spend the day at the neighboring town, to see a sick friend, and it was dark before she drove up from the station in James Horni-

man's gig, which she had trysted for the purpose.

She bade him good-bye at the door, and, once inside, quickly made a fire and set a lamp in the window and another on the table, immediately creating the warm, homelike atmosphere which her soul loved.

She put on the kettle, and was enjoying a very fragrant cup of tea when somebody lifted the sneck of the outer door and walked in. Turning round, she beheld William Sprule, still in his working clothes, unshaven, and certainly an unlovely object, though he was no bad figure of a man, and in his youth had been rather admired by women-folk. He was one of the men, however, who had been spoiled by a foolish mother.

"No gotten your face washed yet, William?" she said in her straight, cheerful way. "I've been in the toon; just got hame."

"I ken. I saw Jamie's gig. I've been watching for it," he answered, and, closing the door, came forward and took a chair.

Then he glanced round the cosy, well-appointed little house-place with obvious envy.

"Ye are very snug here, Miss Tho'burn It beats me o' wark."

"Yes, it does. Ye might try it for a change, Willum. There's more comfort in work than ye would think, an' siller forby."

"I hate it," said William, with a frankness which made her smile. She was certainly not as old by at least six years as the wheel wright, but the glance she cast on him at the moment was such as she might have cast on a child. "It's sic a terrible wast o' time."

"Ye seem to think that. Whiles I look across the Bridge an' wonder when ye are goin' to tackle the implements. It seems to me as if ye had all the ploos and harrows in the Strath in your yaird. Hoo they pit up wi' it I canna think. I wouldna send ye a besom handle to mend, Willum, an' fine ye ken it."

William did not look crushed at this. A sort of light seemed to come on his face.

"Maybe it was you put them up to it, then?" he said, with a slow smile.

"Me put them up, to what?" she asked, innocently.

"Ye mean to say ye ken naething aboot it, that ye noticed noothing as ye come ower the Bridge?"

"It was pitch dark. I saw the licht in your kitchen windy, an' a torn an' dirty blind," she answered, calmly.

"They're a' away," he said, with a big, silent laugh; "every ploo an' harry an' barrow an' cairt. The yaird's empty. They a'cam thegither an' took them away."

"No!" said Christin, with a vivid interest. "Weel, an' are ye pleased noo? Ye will be able to tak' as much idleset as ye like and get no ill tongue wi' it."

"I'm not pleased, though, Miss Tho'burn. I cam ower thinking ye might help me a bit. I don't like my livin' bein' taen awa frae me like that. I feel as if I could start wark the noo and work a' nicht to get them mended. I think they micht hae gien me another chance."

William spoke so disconsolately that Christina's heart, by no means a hard one, instantly melted.

"It has often vexed me, Willum, the wey ye are livin' ower by, for ye are a decent chap an' a guid tradesman. They may tak awa their things, but they'll hae some difficulty in getting them mended as weel as ye can do it. That's what wey it's sic a disgrace the wey ye idle your time and scatter your business. Whiles I hae felt like comin' over and shakin' ye mysel.' If I were at your elbow ye wad stick in to your wark, I can tell ye, my man."

She spoke this in the innocence of her heart, and without a thought of guile. But at her words an extraordinary light broke over William's perplexed face.

"That's what I need, Christina, as sure's death. Will ye come, then? I'm willin', and I wad promise to—to stick in to please ye. I'm tired bidin' mysel'. There's naebody to work for, d'ye no see, and it doesna tak much to buy my bite and sup."

At this extraordinary and wholly unexpected speech, Miss Thorburn was covered with confusion.

"You are haverin', Willum Sprule, and fine ye ken it. We are too auld for that kind o' thing. But if you'll promise to stick in weel to please me as a freend, I'll no be long or I get the implements back for ye to mend."

William shook his discouraged head.

"It would be no use, Miss Tho'burn. Ye would need to be there a' the time."

"But that means that ye would be the most henpecked man in the strath, Willum," she said, striving to hide her laughter. "An' ye wouldna like that."

"I would, if ye were the woman," answered William doggedly, and after he was gone, though she had resolutely refused to take his words as a serious offer of marriage, she could not get them out of her head.

It was not the first offer she had had, but never had one appealed to her more. The idea of making a man out of William Sprule, of fanning all his latent energies, and showing him to the world for the first-class tradesman he was, appealed to her most mightily. In fact, she could not get rid of it at all. That being so, it was not to be wondered at that in the end she said, "Yes" to William's proposal. It took the parish by storm, and opinion was divided as to the merits and demerits of the case. There were many who pitied Miss Thorburn, and expressed lourmouthed wonder that her choice should have fallen on such a feckless creature. There were some few, and these considered themselves the most discerning, who secretly pitied William Sprule.

But there is no doubt that the experiment turned out well, and that in less than a year's time the wheelwright's business at Malleny Bridge became such a hive of industry that two extra men and a boy had to be hired to get through with the work. William became younger every day, and his wife certainly did not look less blooming than aforetime. Entered upon as an odd compact it, had in it the elements of success. For William was grateful and expectant, and Christina mothering and determined.

There have been worse combinations in the matrimonial contract. Anyway, Christina made a man of her husband, and incidentally gained an undoubted deal of happiness for herself.—David Lyle, in British Weekly.

Our Young People

"GIVE US A PIECE."

"Go away, you teasing geese! You shall not have a bit of my muffin. Go away!"

Although Billy talked so boldly, he was half afraid; for the old gander and his mate were close upon him, thrusting out their long necks and opening their bills as though they meant to nip his fat legs in case they could get nothing else to eat.

Billy stood his ground like a hero, until he saw a whole

troop of geese and goslings waddling up to re-enforce the enemy. Then he felt that he should have to retreat.

He was just on the point of making a run for the house when his sister Ruth came to the rescue. Her mode of dealing with the geese was quite different from Billy's. Instead of scolding at them, and trying to drive them away, she said: "Give them a taste of your muffin, Billy. You can get plenty more in the house."

So Billy broke off a piece of the muffin and threw it to the gander. Another bit gave the old goose something to do, and pretty soon Billy had scattered the pieces of his muffin among the whole flock.

Then the little boy got some bread-crumbs for them; and he was so much amused at seeing the geese eat, and took so much pleasure in feeding them, that he would have forgotten all about his own luncheon if Ruth had not called him.

"What a goose you were, Billy," said Ruth, as they went along, "to get into such a fret with that old gander!"

"What made him hiss at me?" said Billy.

"Oh, I guess he meant to tell you not to be so stingy with your muffin. He was not very polite, but you need not have been so cross."—Ida Fay.

A GRUMBLING SNOWFLAKE.

Some little snowflakes were sleeping in their home in cloud-land.

The Father sent a cold wind to awaken them. As soon as they were awake, the wind told them they must go on a long journey—away down to the earth to help cover up the little seeds and plants that were sleeping there.

"Come, my dears, you must hurry, for the plants have not a single blanket or quilt to keep them warm. Jack Frost is around down there, and he will freeze them sure if you don't hurry. Then what will the little girls and boys say when the spring comes, and there are no plants and flowers for them, and no wheat to make into flour for their bread? My, my! You must hurry!"

The kind but noisy wind blustered about doing his best to get them all awakened and dressed for their journey.

Jack Frost came to help him. He gave them each a lovely white dress, made from such beautiful patterns.

All the snowflakes were glad to go, for they did so want to help the little roots and seeds. Did I say all? Well, there was one little grumbler-flake who seemed to want to stay in the cloud, for he kept grumbling away all the time the rest were getting ready. This is what he said:

"The idea! Just think of me, going away down to that big earth! I was down there before, and I know it's like —the biggest place you ever saw. I'm so small they'd never see me there, and as for helping to keep the plants from freezing, I'd like to help keep the poor little things warm until spring comes, but you see I'm too small. I could not cover the tiniest speck of ground. One little flake on the great big brown earth! He, ha! who ever

The other little snowflakes just laughed at the grumbler snowflake and said, "Just wait and see, just wait and see!"

Such a jolly time as they had going down through the air, dancing and playing—down—down, till it seemed as if they would never get to the end of their journey.

They talked and laughed about how glad the little seeds heard of such a thing! But if you're all going, I suppose I'd better go, too, although I know I can't do any good."

and plants would be when they covered them up so snug and warm, and one little flake said, "Oh, I'm so happy, to think that I'm really going to be of use in the big world!"

All the way down the little grumbler kept grumbling, and the other little flakes jostled and danced against him in their play to try to brighten him up. But he only said, "Oh, if I were only bigger—only bigger!"

And this is the chorus the other little snowflakes sang to answer him with:

"The Father knows best,
The Father knows best;
He sent us,
He sent us;
He'll do all the rest."

At last they came in sight of the brown earth, and the little grumbler said:

"Just look! just look—What did I tell you?"

Nearer and nearer they came—oh, such a big place to cover! Could the grumbler be right? But no, still they sang:

"The Father knows best,
The Father knows best;
He sent us,
He sent us;
He'll do all the rest."

Faster and faster they went; nearer and nearer, down, down—at last one little flake touched, another little flake touched, and, just as he touched, the grumbler said:

"Now, wasn't I right?"

He turned his head, expecting to see so many fields left bare and brown and cold, but everywhere he looked was beautiful white snow, the whitest, thickest, warmest blanket you ever saw—not a speck of brown earth to be seen.

You see, it happened like this: when this little grumbler was turning his head, one little snowflake touched and covered just one tiny little speck of ground. Another touched and covered another tiny little speck. Each one did his own little part, and when they had done that there was nothing else left to do, for all was done, and the earth had on her winter blanket of snow.

Then the grumbler said: "I was wrong—foolish and wrong. I will never grumble again."

"For nothing's too small,
For nothing's too small;
Do your part,
Do you part;
'Littles make 'all.'"

—S. S. Times.

The crimes of the so-called "Black Hand" are increasing in the United States, and yet the perpetrators of the deeds have so far escaped punishment. There is a difference of opinion as to what the "Black Hand" really is. Some think it is an extension of the Camorrist Society of Italy, a few of whose members are now in prison at Viterbo, Italy; others think it is an American Italian Society entirely modeled after Camorra, and others think that there is no organized society in America, but that Italians of criminal instinct use the fetish of the "Black Hand" in sending threatening letters to their well-to-do countrymen and thus extorting money. The fear of the mystic society is so great that an Italian receiving such a letter does not often report it to the police, but conceals his valuables or complies with the demand.

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TOMMY'S ANSWER.

"Tommy, what are the sins of omission?"

"Those we've forgot to commit."

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"Believing the things you know are not true."—Selected.

Visitor: "We're getting up a raffle for a poor old man. Won't you buy a ticket, my dear?"

Sweething: "Mercy, no! What would I do with him if I won him?"—Judge.

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